

The Arizona Sentinel.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

NEUTRAL IN NOTHING

VOL. VIII.

YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

NO. 13.

The Arizona Sentinel.

Published every Saturday by the
Sentinel Publishing Company.
GEORGE TYNG, Editor
AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT.

Subscription:
One year, \$5.00
Six months, \$3.00
Single copies, 12

Advertising:
One inch, each insertion, \$2.50
Each subsequent insertion, \$1.50
Contracts by the year or quarter at reduced rates.

Job Printing:
Legal blanks, Bonds, Bill Heads, Letter-
Heads, Circulars, Labels, Cards, Pro-
grammes, etc., printed in every style, with
neatness and dispatch.
Currency taken at par.

C. W. CRANE, Agent, 328 Montgomery St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

RUSH & WELLS,
Attorneys at Law,
Prescott, : : : Arizona.

PAUL WEBER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Prescott, : : : Arizona.

W. STREET,
Attorney at Law,
Tucson, : : : Pima County, Arizona.

L. A. MULLAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
YUMA, : : : ARIZONA.

WM. R. STOKES,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Colorado River Reservation, Yuma county,
Arizona.

O. F. TOWNSEND,
Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor,
Tuma, : : : ARIZONA.

W. C. HAMILTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Mesa, P. Co., Yuma County, Arizona.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Ter-
ritory.

WM. J. OSBORN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Land and Mining Titles a Specialty.
Tucson, : : : Arizona.

FARLEY & POMROY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Tucson, ARIZONA.
Notaries Public. Office of United States
District Attorney. Office on Congress St.

T. J. MORGAN,
Manufacturing Jeweler,
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Silverware.
Prescott, : : : Arizona.

C. W. C. ROWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA.
Will attend to all business intrusted to
him in the Courts of California and Arizona.

HENRY N. ALEXANDER,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner of Deeds for the States of
California and Pennsylvania.
Office, Main street, next to Express office,
Yuma, Arizona.

W. S. EDWARDS
Civil Engineer and Surveyor
U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYOR.
General Real Estate and Mining Agent.
Tucson, Arizona.

G. W. NORTON,
Engineer and Surveyor.
Does any kind of work in his line.
Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor for San
Diego County, Cal.
YUMA, A. T.

A. LORETTE,
Cor. of Third street and Maiden Lane
Yuma.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Dry Goods,

Wines and Liquors.

BOOTS & SHOES, ETC.

ALSO PINOLE, PANOCIA AND CHILE

ALWAYS ON HAND

Prices as low as any store in town.

A. LORETTE.

Arizona.

In entering Arizona from the California side, at Fort Yuma, you are at once impressed that the man who wrote "The Earthly Paradise" did not live here. It is pretty hot in Yuma, yet this old town is romantically situated near the confluence of the Gila with the Colorado River. You instantly pardon the muddy and distorted face of this old river when you remember the tossing and struggling it has had in reaching you through hundreds of the grandest canyons of the world. This is all that is left of that wild, wild sea which for ages played with the now snow-capped peaks of the Rockies and Sierra Nevada, until their upheaval tipped this great sea to its north and south basin. And this Gila, coming in from the east, though far less pretentious, brings the waste waters of the westerly and south-westerly portions of this great Territory. And it seems a pity that one drop of water should leave this dry desolate region. The great lack in Arizona is water. Millions of acres of otherwise fertile lands must ever remain a waste unless some climatic change shall bring water. Perhaps some enterprising Yankee will attend to this after a little. There is no reason why the valley of this river, varying from one to six miles in width and 200 miles in length, should not prove wonderfully productive. This valley and that of the Salt River may be largely supplied with water from the rivers from which they take their name. But many of the streams of Arizona seem born to flow unseen and waste their waters underground.

The Santa Cruz, coming in from the Sonora country—from the old town of Tubac, some fifty miles southwesterly of Tucson—shows itself at intervals in the distance. After it leaves Tucson it shows itself for a mile or two and then disappears forever, and is supposed to enter the Gila somewhere in the region of Maricopa Wells. This Gila River, though insignificant now, was not always so harmless. Traces of its youthful fury hang along its alluvial walls a thousand feet above its present quiet flow. And what strikes you as so strange here is that while this river flows for a hundred miles through a bed of lava, in many places a long the rim of this valley where the lava has yielded to the elements it shows underneath the continuation of this rich river bottom. I find it much easier to ask than to answer this question. But from a somewhat careful study of the numerous breaks in this lava-cropping, I am confident that rich, fertile soils lifted a wide expanse of spring verdure, or waded on its broad bosom the scented harvests of the semi tropics, until this mantle of lava smothered its life away. If I stand alone in this conclusion, it will be very difficult to prove these reflections unfaithful to the evidences which meet the thinker in these wonderful fields. Each mile eastward confirms me in this impression. At a distance from Yuma by the river, say from 150 to 175 miles, this lava deposit comparatively disappears. At this point we are on the easterly side of what is known as the desert, and at an altitude of from 800 to 1000 feet. East of you there is little, if any, lava for many miles. But all around us, for a radius of from 15 to 20 miles, are these crags of mountains, so irregularly adjusted

that you may fancy they were just set up, while all dripping with lava, to cool, and to watch the ruin of their bosom companions so quickly melted or blown away. Is not this the old crater? From this point the lava-flow started westward toward the Colorado, until, from its unknown depth at this place, it has diminished at Gila City, 25 miles east of Yuma, to the thickness of but a few inches, and finally disappears except as a float-lava. Passing the confluence of the Salt with the Gila River, we leave them both flowing through fine bodies of land, and we take our next point of outlook at Casa Grande. Here we are again in the midst of ruins. Not drenched in a lake of fire, yet perhaps suddenly destroyed, and without a record. This is all that is left of an old city. Who built it may never be known. Though its site is but a short distance south of the river, and its altitude but a little above the stream, yet its water supply was the work of some engineering skill. An old ditch, cut from the river about twenty-five miles above, is still easily traced to this city. This ditch must have been capable of carrying a large body of water. The principal building now remaining in anything like its original form is that from which it takes its name, "Casa Grande." This building is perhaps thirty by sixty feet, and now shows from three to four stories. It was made of the common building material of the country, "adobe." Its walls in places are still eight feet in thickness. Some of its partition walls are yet well defined, and sufficiently thick to separate quarrelsome households. One of these rooms, I think must have been the "Black Hole," for I found no way into or out of it but a place at the bottom about the size of the grate in your room. The inside of these walls still retains a hard finish, showing good artistic skill in their construction. This old building has been burned until nothing more will burn; yet in the walls are still left in good preservation the ends of the vigas, or joists. I have two of these. They were pine poles about three inches in diameter. One in the wall, being perfectly preserved, shows distinctly the rude character of the tool by which they were cut off. The "Casa Grande" was evidently a sort of conservatory of this old city. Few, if any, relics can now be found here, except pottery "world without end." I have questioned some of the most scholarly Padres in this country, but with little satisfaction. They say that 250 years ago these walls were seven or eight stories high, and that is all they know of its history. This was evidently an agricultural belt of country, for the valley of the Salt river, from its confluence with the Gila for nearly 100 miles, shows unmistakable signs of an ancient high state of civilization. Who the cultivators were, and what became of them, is easy to ask, but not to answer. Were they Toltecs or Aztecs I have not the data to decide, but I am not very much inclined to believe that they were annihilated or driven south by the Apaches. Have you noticed on that Mexican coin that eagle sitting on a cactus with a snake in his mouth? It may be possible, as the legend runs, that the priests told this people to go south to a country of lakes, and assured them that when they had reached the place they

would find an eagle sitting upon a cactus with a snake in his mouth. I do not think much of that story. I have seen the eagle and the snake, but we betide the bird or beast that tries to sit upon an Arizona cactus. But these workers have gone, and but traces of their industry remains. A question starts here: That old crater lies only from twenty to forty miles below here, and the climatic changes which must follow such an outburst would annihilate a nation and wipe out their record in a day. It is beyond a question that the volcanic confusion which has occurred on the west and south-west border has had very much to do in changing its altitude and draining the water from the eastern and north-easterly part of this great Territory. But the Apaches stayed. Of course they did, if they were in the country at the time, for this was not the chosen home of the Apache. His home was in the mountains, which for ages, if ever, have not been jostled by an earthquake. I do not wish to be hard on the red-man. But I confess that my soul does move to the melody of "Lo! the poor Indian!" (I will not trouble you to print the rest.) as it once did. I wish they were all in Heaven. I think, if I could make a good-sized earthquake to order—well, I would make it, and turn it over to our frontier brethren, and let them locate it, and explode it where they thought it would shake to the best advantage. Who will not civilize or Christianize must "stand from under." Arizona is not a volcanic country. What earthquakes may have thrown the primitive rocks to the surface, and given them an altitude of from 1500 to 8000 feet, we may never know. But for ages all has been quiet in these mineral belts. I speak of those regions which I have personally examined and may name hereafter. It is a fact not a little gratifying to the miners of this country that the rich mineral deposits lie seemingly undisturbed in the arms of the old Gneiss family. The quiet of the ages is shown in no place perhaps more than in the Pinal Mountains, in that wonderful canyon bearing the euphonious title of the "Devil's Canyon." I do not know who named this beautiful place, and I am only afraid I shall know the fellow whose name it bears. This lies in and near the summit of the Pinal Mountains. I first visited it early in March, 1878. Our approach was so impracticable, that its grandeur was the more overwhelming. Myself and mule, and another party like us, constituted the party. Part of us were for pleasure and part for burden. We quietly entered a little ravine as we turned a sharp corner in our trail, and a moment later found us crowding close against a big ledge, and I was hugging very close to the rest of my party. As soon as we had slipped down a smooth rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees, without expressing any want of confidence in my companion, I concluded to walk. If there was any falling to be done, we would do it one at a time; and, as our party was small, it would last the longer.

A few yards brought us against overtopping rocks hundreds of feet high, while on the other hand but a few steps away, the deep, sharp gorge, dark by depth, rendered the crown of sunlight on

the rocks above and beyond doubly imposing. And here was a huge column standing on a little table. I involuntarily put my foot against it, but it did not shove off.

As suddenly as we had entered this little canyon we came to the brink and at right angles with this wonderful freak of nature, just at my left, a huge pillar of rock sixty feet high and but a few feet in diameter, standing on a base seemingly not half its size, jostles on this awful brink. Thoughtlessly I put up my hand to steady it while I plucked some beautiful verbenas at its base. At the left and up the canyon for a mile each side vies with the other which shall throw out the greatest number of these well-hewn rocks and hang them the most carefully upon their crests. To the right and below you 1000 feet stand out the wild, haggard outlines of an old castle. Each galloping troop of the Storm King, as they have chased each other up and down this chasm, since the day these troops were young, have each borne their trophy of spoil away. Till pillar and column and turret seem so real that you watch for the touchless step and the shadowy vision of goblins as they drift from hall to hall for vengeance. Two miles of this wordless poem wait your reading. The criticisms of Time have only crystallized its beauty. And it glitters to-day in the light of its millionth birthday, the glory of the Author, as never before. Those big rocks must be falling; they seem to rest on nothing. How you pity that group of little stunted trees struggling for footing and sunlight! They must be crushed when that column falls. And you find yourself holding your breath to hear the crash in the awful abyss. With it a word—for words are meaningless here—you turn half-round and look up for relief, but to shudder in the shadow of a towering grandeur you had not noticed before. Just across from where you stand (for the canyon is narrow here), the right shoulder of an incoming canyon from the east imposes itself higher and more dreadful than the rest.

All over this huge promontory the goddess of sculpture for ages has been working out those wild fantasies, true to the trestle-board of nature, and touched only by the chisel of the inimitable artist, Time. This was Apache land. And even now you feel yourself amidst her dead heroes petrified, some of whom with one foot uplifted, wait the waking of Montezuma. It was just noon, and Sol was shifting his softest light into the deep chasm, and the little streamlet rebounding higher from its rocky fall to catch the coming sunbeam, and turned again to its rippling life, murmuring sweeter music with the bird's songs, as they bathed their wings in its spray. There has been no earthquake here since these rocks were young.

Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at 100,000,000 tons per hour, and its perpendicular descent may be taken at 150 feet, without considering the rapids, which represent a further fall of 150 feet. The force represented by the principal fall alone amounts to 16,800,000 horse-power, an amount which if it had to be produced by steam would necessitate an expenditure of not less than 250,000,000 tons of coal per annum, taking the consumption of coal at four pounds per hour. In other words, all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that annually runs to waste at this wonderful fall.

DAVID NEAHR.

Main Street, Yuma, A. T.
40 California Street, San Francisco

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Invites attention to the best selected and most complete stock ever offered in this market, consisting in part, of

Groceries, Provisional

Wines and Liquors, Cigars and

Tobacco, Hardware

Tinware, Crockery,

Iron, Steel

Miners' Tools, Sporting Goods

Wagon-Lumber, etc.

LADIES' and GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods

Boots and Shoes, Clothing,

And is constantly and regularly receiving fresh California products, consisting of

Butter, Cheese, Bacon,

Ham, Onions, Beans

Barley, Potatoes, Corn,

Wheat, Corn Meal, Buckwheat

Flour, California and Oregon Flour,

Cutting & Co's. Canned Fruits, Vegetables

etc. etc. etc.

All of which is offered at prices which

Defy Competition.

Buyers will find it to their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

All merchandise consigned to my care will receive careful handling and be forwarded with dispatch and by experienced freighters, at lowest market rates.

Goods sold at greatly reduced rates. Highest prices paid for all Arizona products.

DAVID NEAHR.

GEORGE MARTIN,

Yuma, - - - Arizona.

Dealer in

DRUGS and MEDICINES.

Chemicals, Perfumery,

Soaps, Combs,

Brushes, Trusses,

Supporters and Shoulder

Braces, Fancy and

Toilet Articles, Kerosene Oil,

Lamps and Chimneys,

Glass, Putty,

Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,

Patent Medicines, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders correctly answered.

Goods selected with great care and warranted as represented.

ALSO

A choice assortment of Books, Stationery Musical Instruments and Fancy Articles.

All the most popular Newspapers, Magazines and Latest Novels on hand as soon as issued.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Lick House,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

A favorite Hotel for Families, centrally located and headquarters for

GUESTS FROM ARIZONA.

J. D. SCHONEWALD, Manager

March 18